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INDICTA BRITANNICA,

A N

O D E

ON THE

R O Y A L N A V Y.

Inscribed to The K I N G.

By the Rev. Mr. NEWCOMB.

— Cupidum, Pater optime, vires
Deficiunt; neque enim quivis horrentia pilis
Agmina, nec fracta pereuntes cuspide Gallos
Aut labentis equo describere vulnera Parthi!

HOR. Lib. 2. Sat. 1.

Turno tempus erit, cum magno optaverit emptum,
Intactum Pallanta—

VIRG.

L O N D O N :

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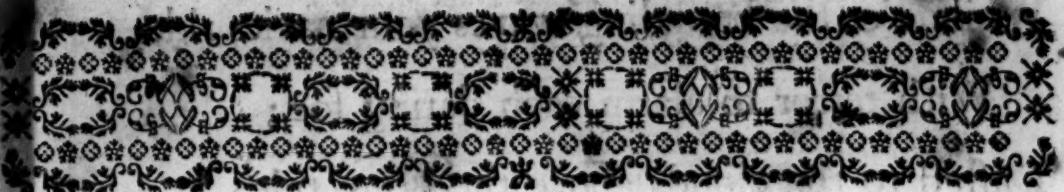
BY THE REV'D M. ANTHONY COMBE

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Vindicta Britannica,

A N O D E.



Here'er your fleets their op'ning canvas
spread,

W In thunder to proclaim their king's com-
mand;

Secure of fame, no other foes they dread,

Besides the rock, the tempest, and the sand.

The lightning's shafts that burst the marbled tow'rs,
Less fatal than the storm, when *Britain* lours.

While

While o'er the bounding waves your navies ride,
 With terror to alarm each daring foe ;
 Dash'd to the clouds above the briny tide,
 The ocean lab'ring with their weight below ;
 The weary'd winds expand their sheets with pain,
 And hardly drive their sails along the main.

JUSTICE, impartial goddess of the skies,
 To *Britain's* King resigns her golden scale ;
 By him decreed, what realms in fame shall rise,
 What empires sink, whose sword in fight prevail ;
 While injur'd states his power and pity own,
 And kneel for succour at his awful throne.
 The cannon pointing from the *Gallic* shore ;
 Across each port the strong and brazen chain ;
 When *Britain* arms, are guardians now no more,
 The mole but weak, the bastion's wall as vain ;
 The citadel, each nation's feeble trust,
 Smoaking in flames, or shiver'd in the dust.

Your

Your daring sails which travel with the day,
 Now meet, now leave behind the distant sun ;
 From worlds to other worlds, the stars and they,
 One voyage take, one common journey run :
 Your sovereign pow'r remotest regions own,
 To *Rome*, to *CÆSAR*, and to *Greece* unknown.

The *Alpine* rocks, and *Atlas'* tow'ring brow,
 Strong barriers fix'd, that rival states divide ;
 Some sever'd by the hills eternal snow,
 Or parted by the ocean's pathless tide ;
 But desarts, rocks, nor seas your power confine,
 View nature's limits---these alone are *THINE*.

The gods who feast in *Ida*'s lofty bow'rs,
 The different emblems boast, of their command ;
 Distinguish'd ensigns of their sov'reign pow'rs,
 That rule by turn the sea, or awe the land ;
 His *trident*, *NEPTUNE*, *PHÆBUS* has his *bow*,
PALLAS her *ægis*, and your *navies* *Y O U*.

Within

Within their ports and harbours close confin'd,
 Tho' calm the sea, inviting is the gale ;
 Thy vessels, BOURBON, dare not trust the wind,
 Till *How* and *Anson* give them leave to sail ;
 Thus fearful larks lye hid, nor mount the sky,
 Whene'er they view the *Hawk* or eagle nigh.

A single state to crush, enslave and awe,
 Gives the proud victor oft a short-liv'd fame ;
 Far nobler laurels and renown we draw
 From realms invested round with walls of flame ;
 To *Albion*'s naval power alone 'tis lent,
 T'imprison and besiege a continent.

While o'er the subject deep her vessels spread,
 And pour amaze on rival states around ;
 Astonish'd nations hear their voice with dread,
 Which terrify at distance, e'er they wound ;
 O'er every foe their matchless force prevails,
 While half the globe pays homage to our sails.

The proud aspiring arch, the high built wall,
 While *Britain's* vengeance now no longer sleeps ;
 Rock'd from their base, a mighty ruin fall,
 Encumb'ring with their weight the frightened deeps ;
 The sinking rampart, and the bursting tower,
 An age's toil, all vanish'd in an hour.

The loud * *Tonnant*, the *Lys*, and bold *Alcide*,
 In *Gallia's* ports no more their lillies wave ;
 Much better pleas'd in *Albion's* ports to ride,
 Companions now of fleets more strong and brave ;
 With vengeance quite revers'd, each captive glows,
 Launcing their bolts against *Britannia's* foes.

Has heav'n a shaft more cruel, yet in store,
 Thy fearful bosom, *Louis* to alarm ;
 Can fate distract, or terrify thee more,
 Than thy own ships against thyself that arm ?
France thus compleats what *Britain* has begun,
 By her own self her empire half undone.

To

* Names of French ships taken by the English.

To distant worlds you carry war or peace,
 The weak to succour, or the bold chastise ;
 Now bid the fury of the battle cease,
 Or reddens with dire flames the kindling skies ;
 Where'er your cannons shoot their ruddy fire,
 'Tis death to stand---'tis conquest to retire.

To those, in fields of death, for fame, who strain,
 Alike the burning line, or freezing pole ;
 The winds and angry tempests strive in vain
 On conquest bent, your armies to controul ;
 Thro' * *Afric's* flames they force their sultry way,
 Earth's glowing regions scarce so *warm* as they.

For you the *Indian* digs the golden ore,
 Each vale for you in rich *Sabaea* blooms :
 For you the *Ganges* nurses all his store,
 And *Arabie* its odours and perfumes ;
 Its wealth each distant region here conveys,
 And to your throne, each year, a tribute pays.

A thousand

* *SENEGAL.*

A thousand barks each season *Gallia* sends,
 Home from the *West*, its treasures to convey ;
 The fav'ring gale awhile their course befriends,
 How soon, alas ! the victor's wealthy prey !
Gaul has the toil, and *Britain* all the gains ;
 Enrich'd by foes, without her island's pains.

The *Gallic* sword when wild ambition draws,
 It gleams and glitters only to enslave ;
 Yours is unsheathe'd to guard a nation's laws,
 With pity, daring ; with compassion, brave ;
 A double glory to your arms is due ;
 Who fight to save, and bless when you subdue.

Your wreaths are ne'er bedew'd with orphans tears,
 No *Richlieus* on weak gasping infants feed ;
 No slaughter'd infants smoak upon your spears,
 Or breathless on your cruel altars bleed ;
 The captive spar'd, inspires your breast with joy ;
 The foe exults---you mourn when you destroy.

Be hush'd, ye storms ! ye boist'rous waves subside,
 Spring up each fav'rite wind, and gentle gale ;
 O'er the wide deep as *Albion's* navies ride,
 Propitious breathe, and swell each waving sail :
 Dark, dread events which carry in their womb,
 Whole nations fates, and destinies to come.

See, now the fleets engage !---the sulph'rous cloud

In darkness whelms, and half obscures the day ;
 The bursting bombs discharge their wrath aloud,
 And hid in smoke, quite drive the morn away.

While *Britain's* engines thunder, wond'ring Jove,
 To hear their roar, suspends his own above.

Its glowing train, the comet's blazing hair,

The nitrous stream from *Ætna's* top that flows ;
 To realms amaz'd, to nations in despair,

Portend a dreadful length of threaten'd woes :
 Her arms where'er enrag'd *Britannia* turns,
 The battle with like rage and fury burns.

And

And now the sun in vain withdraws his light,
 And quenches in the deep his sultry ray ;
 Our naval flames dispel the gloom of night,
 Recall the morning, and bring back the day :
 Those fires across the glitt'ring air that fly,
 Refulgent blaze, and form a nether sky.

Though fate has often told him dreadful news,
 Heav'n yet for BOURBON has one bliss in store ;
 Whose fleets have now but few marines to lose,
 For *Britain's* crowded prisons will hold no more ;
 For swords and guns his treasures thrown away,
 Much fewer troops his chests have now to pay.

Hast thou no venal muses to rehearse
 Thy mimic triumphs o'er a hundred foes ;
 To sing of armies kill'd in *Gallic* verse,
 Who live and fight again in *English* prose ;
 How well thy gallant troops at *Cherburg* fought,
 From *Breton's* *Cape* what lawrels home they brought ?

Still, still a glorious victor at *Verfaills*,

The *British* squadrons fly, the *Gaul* pursues;

By land thy sword, at sea thy fleet prevails;

Say, where these triumphs?—in the *Paris* news!
What streams of blood do *Gallia*'s ink-horns spill!
Since those her pistols spare, her gazetts kill.

The field of battle cover'd with the slain,

With loudest hymns her joyful temples ring;
Her thousands kill'd, her millions yet remain,
To crown with lawrels her triumphant king;
Victor or vanquish'd, fortune good or ill,
LOUIS resolves to be a conq'ror still.

While yours, with *Prussia*'s matchless troops combine,
And terror spread o'er ev'ry hostile plain;
Suffer no lawless tyrant on the *Rhine*,
On *Ister*'s bank, no faithless queens to reign;
Determin'd ne'er to sheath your patriot sword,
Till *Europe*'s peace and freedom is restor'd.

Still

Still unabated let your courage glow,
 Not soften'd by the rebels coward tears ;
 Till humbled in the dust, each stubborn foe,
 Or yields, or bleeds upon your vengeful spears,
 Till haughty *Gaul* your indignation feels,
 Till *Sweden* trembles, and till *Russia* kneels.

Companions in the dreadful toil of war,
 Let the same lawrels both your temples share ;
 Each bosom blaze with one resplendent star,
 One wreath encircle round each victor's hair :
 While *MARS* each breast with ardor to inspire,
 Resigns to both his thunders and his fire.

What realms shall flourish, or in fame decline,
 What proud usurper next shall quit his throne ;
 Whose temples with victorious wreaths shall shine,
 Is fix'd, *illustrious chiefs*, by you alone :
 If *France* shall e'er retrieve her lost renown,
 Or perjur'd *Austria* longer wear a crown.

In scenes of death, your courage own'd before,
 The victors laurel round your temples ty'd ;
 Each field stain'd with streams of *Gallic* gore,
 Pale, breathless victims bleeding near your side :
 From *BOURBON*'s head to shake his tott'ring crown,
 Be this your greatest, and your last renown.

Yon radiant sun, the golden source of light,
 His mid-day circuit and meridian past ;
 Just as he sets, his ample orb more bright,
 Reserves his fullest beams to blaze the last ;
 You, like the planet, in life's calm decline,
 Each year encreas'd, with fairer glories shine.

Pleas'd you behold, along each crowded street,
 The hostile cannon dragg'd, our dread no more,
 Now arming with their flames your conq'ring fleet,
 And loudly thundering from the *British* shore ;
France does our forest oaks in pity shield,
 And kindly for her foes whole navies build.

See ! how the *Gallic* colours droop their head,
 As conscious of their wretched master's shame ;
 No more their silver light the lillies spread,
 Once shining to assert their monarch's fame :
 With faint and fading lustre now they bloom,
 The lion blazing in the lillies room.

By heaven's decree, when late you claim the skies,
 And leave, with tears bedew'd the *British* throne ;
 Ten thousand hearts, as many gushing eyes,
 The *king*, the *friend*, the *patriot* shall bemoan ;
 No cypress shall be near, but in its room,
 Your own triumphant lawrels shade your tomb.

F I N I S.

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